

was not very much encouraged by this advice. But is there not in it the germ of a great truth? Sacrifice is the law of love. No man ever accomplished any moral uplift of the world, ever brought to it any great emancipation, in which he did not invest his best things,—his heart and life. The liberator of a captive race signs the proclamation of freedom with his blood. Deadly fevers, or the javelin of a savage, awaits the devoted missionary who kindles love's light in the dark places of the earth. Martyrs' mangled forms are the milestones of religion's progress thro all the ages. Tho he spake as never man spake, tho wisdom distilled from his lips in precept and parable such as never philosopher uttered, tho he held all the treasures of knowledge and wielded the sceptre of power, yet but for the love which drew freely upon the virtue, the life which was in him for the healing of the sick and the raising of the dead, that love which made him bear the infirmities, the sorrows, the burdens of others, and which at last brought him to the crown of thorns and the cross, had it not been for this supreme sacrifice of supreme love, we would not today have a religion of forgiveness, and comfort, and hope, and joy,—a beautiful, invincible, world conquering religion.

There are a multitude of set apart ones who are trying to bring a new religion, not into the world, but into the hearts of those who hitherto have had only the joyless religion of self and the hopeless religion of the world. There is but one way; the love which constrains to sacrifice. A city missionary had dragged Jerry McAuley, the drunkard and thief, from the threshold of perdition. Again and again the poor fellow fell, as often to be set upon his feet by the faithful worker who watched over his soul. One dark night the missionary met Jerry in company with a desperate thug, going out on another expedition of crime.

"I cannot starve," said McAuley bitterly.

"Come back with me," replied the missionary, "and I will pawn my coat to buy you food."

Moved by this love as nothing else ever moved him, the poor reprobate went back with the man of God, and went back to a new life, a saved man to honor God in a wonderful career of service and power, a service of love for the fallen, and power to drag men out of the jaws of deep damnation.

They tell a story of another disciple of this Christ love who many years ago went from New England to carry the gospel to the wretched slaves in Cuba. Very terrible was the lot of these poor creatures who were driven to death by such masters as the Spaniard can be—toiling under the lash and under the burning tropical sun for a coarse crust and a bed of straw, without any hope

but that swift oblivion "where the servant is free from his master."

He brought to them this gospel, but in their anguish they would not listen to him, for his skin was white, and he belonged to the race of their oppressors and destroyers. When the missionary saw that they would not listen he sold himself as a slave, to be driven afield with the rest, to share their toils, their coarse fare and comfortless rest. And when they saw his love they listened to his message, and "the gospel did run and was glorified among them."

Whatever the different circumstances or the different environment, there is no other way to win men to holiness and newness of life. Get the Christ love into your heart, and then in ways to which that will move you lay out yourself, YOURSELF, for the souls around you that are perishing.

Giving Its Own Reward

The apostle Paul resurrected one of the most beautiful of our Lord's sayings, a saying which but for him might have been lost, and with it the world would have lost a rich treasure. It is this: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This truth is but vaguely realized by the great majority of Christian people for the reason that they do not enter into the spirit of giving with the whole heart. There is a whole world of unbelief on the subject of giving. They give because they feel they *must* give to keep up the machinery of the church. They have false conceptions of the idea and purpose of giving and the secret of it all is that they have not learned the spirit of sacrifice. Giving is one of the sweetest parts of divine worship, we say worship, because giving is worship, as much so as praying and singing. There is no other service that brings so much real joy and pleasure, such rich spiritual blessings as the giving of our substance to the Lord. If Christian people would have a proper conception of this truth, our Mission Boards would not need to go begging. The treasures would be overflowing and there would be no lack of funds with which to carry on the work of the Lord. Washington city would have a Brethren church building and a prosperous mission; so would Dayton and Chicago, and the cause of the Brethren church would be marching grandly forward. And while the church would have a little less of what can be calculated by human mathematics, she would be infinitely richer in grace and the hearts of the people be filled with sweet charities. It is giving that enriches. The wise man of old declares that there is a withholding more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty, and there is that that scattereth and it enriches. The Christian never realizes all the fulness of joy in Christ Jesus until he knows by a blessed experience what it means to have his heart, his very life,

his soul, go out in sweet charities to those who know not Christ, who are living in darkness. The pious Dr. A. J. Gordon very truthfully says: The Christian who opens the broadest outlet for charity will find the widest inlet for the Spirit. The health of the human body depends upon its exhalation as well as upon its inhalations. It is reported that a boy who was to personate a shining cherub in a play, on being covered over with a coating of goldleaf, which entirely closed the pores of the skin, died in consequence. Woe to the Christian who gets so goldleafed over with his wealth that the pores of his sympathy are shut and the outgoings of his charity restrained. He is thenceforth dead spiritually, tho he may have a name to live.

Beer Makes Hogs Drunk

The day when lager beer was thought to be harmless has gone by. At one time it was introduced to check drunkenness, but today we know that beer is responsible for a great deal of the drunkenness in the land. Does it make drunk? It certainly does, for a drink that makes hogs drunk will make men drunk also. The following is reported as having been witnessed at Harrodsburg, Kentucky:

Several weeks ago a drove of hogs was turned in on a trough of fermented beer, which is bourbon whiskey in its first stage. The porkers took to this new diet greedily, and the entire lot of hogs were absolutely intoxicated for about three weeks until they could hold no more, stagger off, drop down anywhere in a stupor, sleep it off, and then go and repeat the dose. The sight of from thirty to fifty intoxicated hogs, some fighting, some too stupid to fight, and some rolling down the hill into the distillery branch, from which they had to be rescued to prevent drowning, was a novel one and attracted the attention of many neighbors. When the beer gave out they would neither eat anything else nor be comforted, and it was absolutely pitiful to see and hear them squealing around the troughs.

A wonderful spectacle it must have been to see a drove of drunken hogs, but those intoxicated hogs behaved better than thousands who get drunk on beer and are not called hogs, that is they do not go by that name. If, however, a lot of drunken men would have passed before Adam no one knows what name he would have given them. If he could have looked in to some city dramshop, or gone into some home where rum had done its work, it is doubtful whether that primitive nomenclator would have found his vocabulary sufficient for the occasion.

God sends larger gifts to a larger basket.

"I find no help in the services of the sanctuary." Is there dust on your Bible?

The best pair of spectacles for Bible-reading is a pair of bended knees.